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19. Two of the primaries may harmonize better with each other than another two of them; and blue and red, or blue and yellow, or red and yellow, accord in *different ratios*. So, too, there may be a *greater or less* degree of relationship between any two of the secondaries; and while orange and green, or orange and purple, are both agreeable in juxtaposition, purple and green are discordant. The same *difference* subsists also between the primaries and their accidental (secondary) colors; blue and orange harmonizing most agreeably by contrast, which cannot certainly be said of red and blue-green.

“NOTES ON AMERICA.”

BY A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

A DISTINGUISHED Englishman—we should not like to assert that he was in any wise associated with Mr. Grant, late British Consul at Boston—proposes to publish a few observations upon American scenery and character; with the customary foresight of *littérateurs*, he desires to excite public curiosity with a few preliminary extracts. The extracts will speak for themselves.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The first impression of a stranger visiting Niagara is, that there is an extraordinary quantity of water rolling over the precipice. Everything about Niagara Falls is very wet! The spray rises in majestic superfluity, and falls upon surrounding objects, such as trees and rocks, and rolls back to the parent stream in silvery cascades, making sweet music in their flow. Nature participates in this extraordinary dampness, and as the clouds of mist ascend, they are carried by currents of air in various directions, spreading fertility and beauty on every hand. This extraordinary phenomenon is confined entirely to American scenery, and, although I have read many descriptions, by various English travellers who have written upon the subject of Niagara Falls, I am not aware that any of them have made the same observation; indeed, travellers seem to be satisfied when they have attempted a description of these wonderful Falls, which, as we all know, must, under any circumstances, fall far short of the reality.

The country around Niagara Falls is considered very beautiful. In my opinion there is too much rock and too little pasture land—which circumstance will account for the thinness of the sheep and the poor quality of the wool produced there. The British government, I learn, have had their attention drawn to this singular fact, and have increased the duty on raw wool, in order to aid the producers of the article whose plantations are in the vicinity of Niagara Falls.

At the Falls I was much struck with American enterprise, from the fact of a steamer having been built by an incorporated mutual assurance company, for the purpose of ascending the cataract! I did not venture to embark myself, but I observed, with horror, that American gentlemen, with their wives and families, including children and nurses, did not shrink from gratifying their hazardous curiosity! There is nothing I have yet seen in this country which convinces me so strongly of the bold and daring character of the Americans. I was told by a distinguished American, a member of Congress, that this boat had actually ascended as far as half way up the Horse Shoe Falls, and at a time, too, when it was filled with tender ladies and small children. “The boat,” he added, “was near the summit, and

having struck a rock, it remained fast for several minutes. The captain desired to return, but the passengers were so determined, that they threatened to shoot him if he did not proceed and accomplish the voyage; and he would have certainly done so, had not his steam and the power of his machinery failed him!” The descent was very rapid, and they were all landed in safety at the foot of the hill, which leads, on the Canada side, to her Majesty’s colonial dependencies in North America! Now, this fact illustrates the nature of the American character better than an entire volume could do. They are a most extraordinary race of men, and one from whom great things may, some day or other, be expected. Still in its infancy, this nation has proved itself worthy of its mother, and may (some time hence) emulate both the example and the greatness of the parent stock.

The next extract is one entitled

HUNTING.

On my arrival in this country, I anxiously awaited an opportunity for hunting—a sport for which Englishmen are, as is known all over the world, very fond. I took lodgings in one of the great hotels in the city of New York, and the next morning I inquired of the landlord how far it was necessary to go in order to find the Buffalo. He answered, “Merely across the North River.” I took passage, accordingly, in a steamer for Hoboken, and soon found myself among a herd of young buffaloes! I crossed a wall and fired, and killed one fellow at the first shot. In a moment I was arrested and carried before a magistrate, who fined me five pounds and the value of the buffalo, which, as I afterward discovered, was of a private herd belonging to a gentleman who kept them for the supply of the city with fresh and pure milk! Buffalo’s milk is said to be a certain specific for the fever and ague, which rages most fearfully, at certain seasons, in the vicinity of New York. I endeavored to excuse myself to the magistrate by informing him that I was “a distinguished English gentleman,” who had come to the U. S. for the purpose of studying the customs of the country; but it was of no avail. He had neither wig nor gown on, and, at first I thought the matter a joke; but I was threatened with imprisonment for “contempt of court” if I did not at once pay the penalty. I immediately acceded, and was released. I allude to this adventure, both because it illustrates the character of the people, and because it gives us an insight into the singular habits of the courts of law in this country.

The hunting season is very much neglected among this singular people. Indeed, they prefer watering-places, where they go for the purpose of speculating in town lots. I have heard that property in Newport is quite as high as it is in Bath or Cheltenham, and that, at times, a very refined circle of visitors may be found both at that place and at Saratoga—which is a small village near the southern borders of her Majesty’s colonial possessions in Canada.

Our writer makes some very interesting and unique remarks upon society in Boston:

BOSTON.

This city is the capital of the free States east of the Connecticut line. It is famous in its history as the city in which the Declaration of Independence was declared. This unfortunate event alienated Boston from southern and western States—which still refuse to abandon their dependence upon colored slave labor. What a shocking outrage this is to the heart of an Englishman, who regards all persons as upon an equality. Bos-

ton is a hilly city, surrounded by swamps, and remarkable for its aquatic productions. It is also the literary emporium of the country, and boasts of its distinguished literary men—such as Bryant, Longfellow, Cooper, and Washington Irving. I was invited to dine with a select party at the house of a celebrated historian, in the company of Lord Grosvenor and Sir Everton Lovelace—two noblemen who are now on a visit to the States for the purpose of studying the game laws, the said laws being much more liberal in this country than with us. The company consisted of seventeen persons, all of them belonging to the mercantile classes! A few of the party had been in England, and among these I noticed a refinement and cultivation which were not observable in the others. Although these few had been permitted to visit only the commercial circle of England, they seemed to be very proud of recalling the attentions so kindly extended to them by that class of her gracious Majesty's subjects. The conversation was altogether about Boston.

The amusements of the people of Boston consist in attending lectures, temperance meetings, and fugitive slave law conventions, and at these they become, at times, very much excited. Their lecturers are generally schoolmasters and professors (the people are nearly all professors). Among them I heard a Mr. Longfellow, who wrote a poem about a German castle on the Rhine. They have a wit among them by the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, but as far as I could judge of the man, from having once met him in the street, I should not be inclined to think he had much brilliancy about him. He is entirely local in the character of his mind, and like the rest of his townsmen, is always talking of Boston! This city holds the same position in intellectual and moral greatness to the rest of the Union that Newcastle-upon-Tyne does in the United Kingdom to the Empire of Great Britain. There is one individual in Boston who seems to stand very high as a writer. His name is Emerson—I have had an opportunity of reading one of his volumes, and I confess my entire inability to understand the point at which he is aiming. He is at the head of a sect here called "Spiritual Rappers." I had often heard of "Boston rappers," but never had the good fortune to meet one until my introduction to Emerson. He is a very moral and innocent man, but like the rest of his townsmen, thinks Boston the greatest city in the world.

It will be perceived that our English commentator retains many of the prejudices of his countrymen, and that he indulges in a tone of depreciation in many of his comparisons of the customs, manners and institutions of this country with those of England! This is natural, and may be accounted for by the permanent habits and fixed opinions of the British-born subject. Unhappily, too, he exposes his ignorance on many things connected with our past history and local peculiarities, and makes many amusing blunders, which cannot fail to strike the reader as being remarkable from one whose evidently high position and mental cultivation would naturally place him above such faults. We continue our extracts by giving our readers some of his philosophical opinions upon Democracy—which, if not profound, are certainly original. The first chapter of the seventh volume (the work is to be published in twelve octavo volumes), opens with the subject of

DEMOCRACY.

Democracy, says this distinguished traveller, is an invention

of the lower classes of society, and is a form of government the best adapted to depress gentlemen to a level with ignorance, presumption and audacity! Wherever democracy exists, there will be found a constant tendency of the lower classes—of the vulgar and the brutal—to assume rank and distinction above the cultivated and refined. These latter are kept down by a sense of modesty and retirement, and none of them can attain office or position who do not flatter the rabble, and subdue private judgments to their brutal will and vulgar prejudices.

Democracy is not favorable to high cultivation of mind or to refinement of character. Looseness of morals and habits universally prevail in the United States, and the government itself is powerless to check or destroy the evils that naturally follow upon such a lamentable state of social degradation. The respectable Americans (I mean the educated classes who read the newspapers) acknowledge that there is no permanency to any of their institutions, and that, in a few years, the Union must fall to pieces! I have myself seen this stated in several powerful editorials. In view of this latter and most inevitable result, would it not be wise on the part of the ministers of her most gracious Majesty, to look forward to the event, and hold out some promise of restoration to the favor of her Most Gracious Majesty to those who would seek to become her faithful subjects. A large class are favorable to this change, and a few titles and honors presented to this class, in advance, would secure their cooperation whenever such an event shall take place.

Notwithstanding their pretended fondness for equality, there is no people in the world, that I have ever yet seen, who are so fond of titles! The titles that prevail among them are generally of a military character, as they all have a remarkable fondness for war, and those that are of a civil kind, are such as have been conferred through the ballot boxes on election days. I have been told that the manner in which military titles are conferred, is as follows. There can be no doubt of the facts, as they were given to me by a governor of one of the sovereign States. Any man who has killed a rattle-snake is entitled to the rank of major-general! a black-snake to the title of colonel! a garter-snake to a captain, and so on; and as this country is overrun with these vermin, almost every man holds some military distinction, which is recognized during his life among his fellow-citizens. This shows what a curious people the Americans are! As they are fond of military titles, they are naturally pugnacious, and are constantly encroaching upon their weaker neighbors, either to oppress or to rob them. They do nothing but bully, however, and are easily frightened whenever other nations "show fight." Then all difficulties are settled at once, for a war involves taxation, and no nation dislikes taxes more than the Yankees.

Our writer presents some observations on

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, "the cradle of liberty," is inhabited by Quakers and their descendants. It is a brick-built city of straight lines and right angles, and remarkable, in a commercial point of view, as the great exporter of fresh butter, quercitron bark and charcoal, the only natural products of its soil.

Politically, Philadelphia is, I am told, the most influential State of the Union. I was shown a dark, ugly looking brick building, which is called the "State House," because in it was signed the first Constitution of the United States. It is also called the "*Cradle of Liberty*," because the cradle in which a

wooden image of Liberty was placed during the war against his most gracious Majesty, George the Third, is still preserved, with the original image of the goddess lying in state within it. I did not have any curiosity to see the thing, but was told that the image represents a little black girl with gold ear-rings in its ears, and a cap of liberty on its head! Thousands come up every year, from all parts of the country, to pay their respects to the shrine of this little black goddess! Funny people, this—truly!

And here I am reminded to say something of the American love for Art. Of all the cities in the United States, Philadelphia may boast of awarding to Art the most enlightened encouragement. There are here a large number of excellent English water-color drawings and oil paintings in the hands of private amateurs—many of them by those distinguished British masters, Shayer and Jutsum; also, I regret to add, a great many trashy works by those perfidious Frenchmen. There is a very fine Academy of Arts in Philadelphia, with a façade that looks somewhat like our National Gallery, it being built of marble, which has some resemblance to the Portland stone. Upon entering this building the feelings of an Englishman are highly gratified by seeing before him, under an immense dome, which was expressly designed and built to cover the work, a stupendous group of sculpture, in Tipperary clay, which was done by one of her most gracious Majesty's Irish subjects (whose name I have quite forgotten). I examined the group carefully, and found it to consist of several horses and men, with a large assortment of naked women, the latter element of the composition intended, I am told, to combine all the favorite phases of nude sculpture, which is so popular with the Americans. There is a great deal of confusion in the group, but it is full of action. I could not master the subject very clearly, but I am confident that it is a work of rare genius. A tall colored man at the door informed me that it represented "A Rebellion of Mormon Wives in the midst of a Prairie Stampede." Another work of Art that impressed me with a high idea of the taste of the Philadelphia people, is a portrait of her most gracious Majesty exposed in the same building. Strange to say, however, this picture is hung on a line with a picture of the same size representing a blacksmith! I mention this startling fact in order to furnish another demonstration of the peculiar views of equality that prevail among the Americans.

Before dismissing the subject of Art, I wish to add another curious fact. I am told that the principal buyer of works of Art in Philadelphia came from Boston, and that he was obliged to emigrate from that city because the highly intellectual classes of Boston do not tolerate people with emotions so weak and sensuous as to require a material expression of them by pictures or statues. If the place were not Boston, one might suggest poverty as some excuse for this peculiar estimation of Art. But it is not the case with Boston. Boston is a wealthy city, and when one considers the general contempt with which the New Englanders regard money, such an idea immediately vanishes. I am satisfied myself, that the indifference to Art in Boston proceeds from an extreme devotion to the Ideal. This super-refinement of the Bostonians is beautiful and novel; at the same time, I think it involves dangerous principles. If the Bostonians, for instance, should consider eating and drinking in the same light—of which I am told by a connoisseur in gastronomy there is no immediate prospect—the present meagre standard of American flesh would be so reduced as never again

to reach that normal condition of plumpness which our English physiologists declare to be indispensable in order to experience terrestrial sensations. This is a point, however, which can be better discussed by a metaphysician, and so I leave it.

The social character of the people of Philadelphia amused me. I attended a *soirée*, where the conversation was exclusively confined to the comparative merits of the first families of Philadelphia and those of Boston! The Boston people claim precedence in rank and intelligence, which the Philadelphians will not allow. A social feud has, therefore, grown up in the two cities—the one claiming for the Perkinses, the Otises, the Winslows, and the Winthropes, a higher rank and position in the social scale, than the Rushes, the Willings, the Butlers, and the Biddles! It is really strange, that in a republican country, such distinctions should be so much regarded. The Bostonians are more like Englishmen than any of the people of the other portions of the United States. They are more exclusive and aristocratic—as it is termed—and there, the upper classes are treated with a degree of respect and consideration which did my English heart good; it shows that the sense of personal regard is not so dead in Boston as it is in other portions of the country. The Bostonians, also, are more literary in their inclinations than the Philadelphians; the intellectual character of the people is more developed—they are more thoughtful and reserved—more delicate and refined in their tastes, and do not eat or drink so much as the Philadelphians. The people of this latter city are enormous eaters! Hence the necessity they find for having an abundance of markets. There is one market in Philadelphia a mile in length. It was built by the U. S. Government at an immense cost, chiefly to mollify the people after an extensive insurrection. So I was informed by a member of the U. S. Senate from Philadelphia.

I do not think that the people of the State are entitled to the least praise for their honesty. They acquired a bad reputation, a few years since, for the reason that they repudiated their debts; and her Majesty's subjects, who had kindly advanced large sums of money, at a low rate of interest, to aid them in building their canals, would have lost their capital, had it not been for the disinterested efforts of Sydney Smith, who soon brought the people and government to their senses by argument and ridicule. They winced dreadfully under the pungent satire of this eminent man, and were driven to the necessity of acknowledging and paying their obligations. Since then, they have conducted themselves with more decency, and have regularly remitted their interest to England—but only after deducting a small per centage as a tax upon their creditor, to enable them to pay the salary of their governor. This should be at once corrected, and they should be made to pay *all* without any deduction! Lord Palmerston, who is so skillful in his foreign policy, has this matter now in hand, and if the State does not meet all its debts, reprisals must inevitably follow.

We make further selections at random from the work before us, such extracts as will best illustrate the *style* and *views* of the author. He makes the following observations on

AMUSEMENTS.

There are only two holidays allowed to the people by the government throughout the year. The one is entitled "Thanksgiving day," the other, "The 4th of July," or "Evacuation day." The first is commanded by the governor of each State, by proclamation, which command dare not be disregarded.

On that day the stores are all closed, and labor is suspended; and every man is obliged, under a severe penalty, to attend church in the morning! As they have no archbishop, there is no form of prayer prepared for them by authority, each man depending on his own minister; and, as their ministers (like their judges) are elected by the people, they make such prayers as they may deem satisfactory to their constituents! The consequence is (as I am told) every constituency is thankful for some blessing peculiar to itself, and in which any other constituency can have no possible interest. In the eastern States they are thankful for being a free people, enjoying exemptions from the evils of slavery! In the South, they are thankful for the blessings of slavery, and plead that it may be perpetuated to them as the best gift of Providence! What a wonderfully strange people this is! After the church services are over, the people retire to their homes, and continue the rest of the day and night in gluttony and riot. It is perfectly incredible, the amount of food that is consumed—each man, woman, and child striving to dispose of more than their neighbors. The next day each soul makes it a subject of boast—the quantity of food consumed during the previous day! Happily for the safety of her Majesty's colonial dependencies in America, this custom has not yet found its way into Canada or the British provinces.

The other holiday, being Evacuation day, occurs on the 4th of July in every year. It is the anniversary of the day when his Britannic Majesty's troops left the provinces for England. While they were in the country, order was maintained and the law respected; but after that period the people ran into all sorts of violence, and declared their independence of the mother country. Such an event—marked by the basest ingratitude to their sovereign and king—has been the source of their degradation. It is now more than fifty years since they declared their independence of the "mother country;" which event, as I have stated, took place on the Evacuation, or the 4th of July day! but what is most remarkable, they are more dependent than ever upon old England. Without her industry and capital they could not possibly maintain their national, or even social existence a day. And, as an illustration, I will state that every steamer from England is looked forward to with the most intense anxiety by all classes of people. The movements of England—political or financial—are the sources of their prosperity or despair. The rise or fall of one-eighth in the consols is followed by a rise and fall of the American funds of from five to ten per cent. And so unstable is the value of all property here, that many intelligent Americans are in favor of establishing a branch of the Bank of England in their country, in the intelligent hope of preventing these ruinous fluctuations. Verily, if the property of the subjects of her most gracious Majesty should be subject to such alarming changes as is that of this people, they would never be the thriving, independent, and prosperous people they now are. I will only add to this view the fact, that during my residence in America, which extended through six months, there were *three crises, sixteen panics, and two thousand* bank failures; the bank stock was all owned in England, and it proved a total loss, the property being entirely consumed by bad debts and law expenses. The lawyers here, are the greatest cormorants on earth, and encourage all sorts of litigation, to the entire ruin of the morals of the people.

SCENERY.

Before I went to America, I had heard much of American

natural scenery; but I confess I was sadly disappointed when I came to see it for myself. I have traversed the country from the colonial dependencies of her most gracious Majesty in Canada, to the Rocky Mountains, and I saw nothing that could be called worthy the artist's or the poet's observation. It is true that Canada has much charming scenery, which has been improved by British taste and art—the natural consequence of the refinement and cultivation of the inhabitants; but, whenever one crosses into the States, the country exhibits either wild forests or naked prairies, both of which are dangerous to travel through in consequence of the vast quantities of voracious animals they contain. A distinguished member of the United States parliament informed me that a railroad train was last year attacked by a drove of raccoons while crossing a prairie, and every passenger destroyed. These raccoons are the terror of this wild country, and have depopulated thousands of miles of its surface.

The scenery of the Hudson River is more like that of the Thames than any I have seen here, and it pleased me somewhat because it reminded me of England. The river is navigated by steamers almost equal in size and neatness to our own; but they are apt to burst their boilers, as they very often do, destroying thousands of cultivated and refined English travellers, who are tempted to come over here from the stories they hear of the charming natural scenery of the country—all of which have no truth at all. The scenery of the Hudson is varied; but the variations have but few charms—the land lying on its banks is either too high or too low—a fault usual with American scenery everywhere. The mountains are too rocky, and the plains too wet for successful cultivation, which accounts for the shallow complexions and meagre, attenuated, and rickety forms of the Americans,—a noticeable fact to every foreigner who lands upon these shores.

We think we have given our readers a sufficient number of extracts from this forthcoming work to impress them with a truthful idea of its aim and scope. As the work is soon to be republished in Boston, there can be no doubt but that the extracts given will stimulate our readers to purchase it whenever it appears.

WOMEN AND PICTURES.—If, indeed, women were mere outside, form and face only, and if *mind* made up no part of her composition, it would follow that a ball-room was quite as appropriate a place for choosing a wife, as an exhibition-room for choosing a picture. But, inasmuch as women are not mere portraits, their value not being determinable by a glance of the eye, it follows that a different mode of appreciating their value, and a different place for viewing them antecedent to their being individually selected, is desirable. The two cases differ also in this, that if a man select a picture for himself from among all its exhibited competitors, and bring it to his own house, the picture being passive, he is able to *fix* it there: while the wife, picked up at a public place, and accustomed to incessant display, will not, it is probable, when brought home, stick so quietly to the spot where he fixes her, but will escape to the exhibition-room again, and continue to be displayed at every subsequent exhibition, just as if she were not become private property, and had never been definitely disposed of.—*Hannah More.*